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MARGINS.

POEMS.

BY

FRANCIS BROOKS.

OAK ST. HLDG

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MARGINS

COLLECTED POEMS

BY

FRANCIS BROOKS

CHICAGO:
SEARLE & GORTON

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BY THE AUTHOR

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English

30 Je 21 N8

TO HIM

Whose plenteous hand and fertile brain
Bid flowers that fade to bloom again,
Whose eyes are sanctity, whose brow
Doth wear the aureole e'en now,
These tattered lines I dedicate—
These beggars at a Prince's gate.
An' he give alms, not once may fall
Their shadows on the public wall,
Not once accost the passer-by
For sustenance, just ere they die:
The drachmas of his praise shall last
Tho' all the niggard world speed past.

Eng. 9. 8. 2. 6 May 20 Cadmus 1.00

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TITULAR

Margins of the mere and moor,
Margins of the sea by shell
Convoluted, many-hued,
Mosses manifold, defined ;
Margins of the furrowed fields,
Daisy-decked, and aster-starred ;
Margins of the woods when Spring,
Joyous from the shadowed depths,
Smiles in every violet ;
Margins of the day and night,
Dimness of the dusk and dawn ;
Margins of the sky and earth,
Faint horizons, mystic, far ;
Margins of the city streets,
Endless, tense humanity ;

Margins of life, pure infancy
And serene old age — to know
These and dream what lies beyond,
Children of men ! untraveled worlds.
So, mayhap, just on the marge
Of superior and truer,
Lovelier things, these verses cling —
Like the curling tender vine,
Creeping 'long the vast cliff's brow,
Void below, a world above:
Even on the verge of beauty,
Hemming wisdom's sable robe,
Bordering inspiration, yes,
Tangent to the sphere of love,
Surely never pivotal.

I

I LOVE THEE

I love thee, and my love is one,
An undivided unity.
It is distinct and separate,
It dwells apart from other loves,
Particular, and freely strange.
Its excellence doth grow from thine,
And thy rich nature is its soil;
It can exist alone by thee,
Thou art its only atmosphere;
And thou shalt never know its like —
For the conjunction of our souls
Is singular and unrepeated.
I love thee, and my love is sane,
It is methinks a holiness,

And thus alone is beautiful.
I love thee, flesh and soul I love,
Which are but one indeed though two,
And each is both, and each is all.
Thou art to me the universe,
For woman is the type and sign
Of all that is, and even God
It may be hath a woman's soul.
I love thy every attitude
Of mind and body, and I come
To thy embrace as to a shrine,
Wherein I'm purified and shrived
Of every weakness and defilement.
I love the fragrance of thy hair,
And thy soft skin, thy every line
And contour, as the chastity
And the perfection of thy soul.
I love thee, but with human art
Can not express my feeblest love.

The wonders of thy will I love,
The vibrance of thy voice doth stir
A god within me, and I fall
To rhapsodies of sapiency,
To trances of a fuller life,
To divinations and delights.
And though as yet I have but known
Thee in the dreams of fairy hope,
My love is e'en an archimage
And will create what it desires.

II

DEAR MOTHER

How in these days of early bud and leaf,
My heart, long locked in cold, relentless grief,
Comes forth to thy embrace,
As of thine own, thy lineal race,
O Mother, Mother Nature.

What other love have I, what smile but thine
Can woo away the melancholy line,
And like a sun unbind
The frozen currents of the mind,
Dear Mother, Mother Nature.

Yea, when these airs, these fragrances, these tints
Of grass and sky, green presages and hints
Of what thy triumphs be,

Surround me thus, I love but thee,
But thee, O Mother Nature.

Begone, ye lusts for all or any gain,
This day at least, my soul, be free from stain,
For thou shalt sacrifice
To love whate'er thou holdst of price,
To love for thee, my Mother.

Thy womb once more shall shield thy child within,
And I shall be what I before have been,
A part of thee, by thee caressed,
My first beloved, my last, my best,
My Mother, Mother Nature.

III

FOR SUCH

Who hears fond laughter on the passing breeze,
Mingled with distant music's strain,
Who hears slow footsteps lingering with ease
Along the pavement, pacing twain,
And sits with breaking heart and filling eyes alone :

With throat constricted, brow oppressed, who hears
And hates the sound of others' joy,
Until the tightening anguish draws hot tears,
And fiendish mania to destroy,
Sweeps thro' the harrowed brain, that bides the throe alone :

Alone, shut from the solace of sweet eyes,
Such have they been or might they be,

Soft eyes that from remembrance fall to rise
Again and ope more tenderly,
Making more desolate the bitter hours alone :

Who looks upon the pageant of the gay,
While etch thro' the mind the acids of regret,
And dizzy with the poison turns away,
Lest the glad tumult peradventure fret
To madness one who feels the canker least alone :

For such the consolation will remain,
While floats fond laughter on the passing breeze,
Mingled with distant music's strain,
And tread slow footsteps lingering with ease
Along the pavement, *Death will strangle each alone.*

IV

Nature hath not converse with her acolyte
Alone by day ;
But in the night and such a night as this,
The first that cometh balmy in the springtime.

As I passed where loosely the vine,
The yet leafless vine,
Clung to the wall,
It rustled and shook ;
Thrilled to the soul
Methought I heard it say,
"I live again."

I threw myself on the ground,
The fragrant earth,

And the tender little grass
Touched gently my ears
That heard it say,
"I live again."

And the tree bough above
Just tipped with green,
Swayed to the impulse
Of a warm and virile wind,
And said with passionate voice,
"I live again."

The unfettered wave that broke
Along the shore in strictest cadence,
Ceaselessly,
Sung but one refrain,
"I live again."

And the light and the fire
Of prophesy passed thro' my heart,

And almost faint with emotion,
I whispered
Alone to myself,
"I, too, shall live again."

V

A VOICE

From out of that I've suffered,
Out of that I've borne,
From out a tortured mind
And bruised heart this strain is torn.

'Tis not a weak lamenting,
Nor a slavish groan,
It is the ring that follows
When steel on steel is thrown.

It is a fierce rebellion
'Gainst the partial hand,
That spreads for some a banquet
But for others tasteless sand.

It is the spirit warring
With the force of fate,
What matter what we name it
Which determines both the small and great?

And men where'er they hear it,
Having felt an equal curse,
Will tremble with the music
Beating ever thro' the verse.

But those whose lives are pampered,
Lax with lust and soft content,
Will never hear but jangling
Of a harp whose strings are rent.

VI

IN ABRAHAM'S BOSOM

Ye lyrists of love, ye prophets of hate,
Your fondness will heighten,
Your hatred abate,
In Abraham's bosom.
Ye cherished elect, ye impeachers of fate,
Ye mourners and laughers, ye small and ye great,
Your souls will be kindred,
Together elate,
In Abraham's bosom.

O cloak from the cold, O shade from the heat,
The good is renewed,
The bitter made sweet,
In Abraham's bosom.

O goal for the weary, O goal for the fleet,
O fountain exhaustless, O valley complete!
Ye men, do ye doubt
That with blessings ye'll meet,
In Abraham's bosom?

All strivings ye end, all purposes gain,
When wafted to rest
Without fretting or pain,
In Abraham's bosom.
O softly they chorus, I hear them again,
The voices that join in a mellow refrain,
That nothing is evil
And nothing is vain,
In Abraham's bosom.

Thou incense of women, religion of mine,
I'll worship thee still
When thy beauties recline
In Abraham's bosom.

O fear thou not death, for its secrets are thine,
Are his or are hers, who doth love the divine;
Thou lovest thy God —
I thee and a line,
In Abraham's bosom.

VII

SONG FROM THE FOREST

Our light flashing waters,
    Our grasses and trees,
Our fair graceful daughters
    Are waiting to please :
Wamsutta, Wamsutta,
    We wait thy decrees.

O first in the morning
    To welcome the sun,
And first of those scorning
    When battle 's begun :
Wamsutta, Wamsutta,
    Thy will shall be done.

Thy princess is longing,
The loved Wetamoo,
Thy warriors are thronging
Thy monarchy through :
Wamsutta, Wamsutta,
Thy kindred are true.

O chieftain undaunted,
O bender of bows,
By friends never taunted,
Excelling thy foes :
Wamsutta, Wamsutta,
Come hither repose.

VIII

PETER AFTER GETHSEMANE

They led him then to Caiaphas,
Corrupt and bold,
They bade him in the palace pass,
His hour was told.

And Peter followed after them
With sinking heart,
His Christ had lost the diadem,
His sword its part.

Around the fire the menials drew,
The night was cold,
And Peter joined the servile crew,
By fear controlled.

And crouching there in gloom and doubt,
His courage gone,
He heard within the scoff and shout,
Before the dawn.

He saw above the open court
The starréd wold,
He heard within the mocking shout,
The night was cold.

A damsel there addressed him then,
"And thou wast one."
But he denied, and once again,
The lovéd son.

Himself he cursed for his low lie,
The heavens rolled:
Afeared to stay, afeared to fly,
The lie was told.

And once again a maid accused,
But he swore, "No!"
And as the dawn the east suffused,
The cock did crow.

Without into the morn he fled,
The stars were old,
And bitter, burning tears he shed,
That morning cold.

IX

TWO SONGS FOR THE TIMES

Ye sons of toil, awake !
Your bondage break,
Your children free ;
Created by your hands
Your tyrant stands,
Plutocracy ;
God save those hands,
God grant their just demands,
Demands of labor.

Unfurl the flags of toil,
'Gainst hate and spoil
Let her trumpets sound ;

And let her claim her own,
This brick and stone,
This fertile ground;
God blind her foes,
God fill their hearts with woes,
The woes of labor.

To toil, honor and praise,
Your voices raise,
Ye men of work;
Why will ye bend the knee
To wealth's decree,
To those who shirk;
God end this curse,
God give to all one purse,
The purse of labor.

To labor is to pray,
There's no other way
To God's embrace;

But idleness is crime,
And out of place
And out of time.
God shield our land,
God make us one true band,
The band of labor.

X

THE FORGE

On the anvil ring,
Hammers swing—
Strike hard, strike light,
While the iron's bright
And the sparks take flight,
For we strike for the right,
For the right,
For the right,—
And the hammers ring,
Ring,—ring.

On the anvil ring,
Hammers swing—
Strike short, strike long,
With a curse and a song

Till the sparks in a throng
Fly up for the wrong,
For the wrong,
For the wrong,—
And the hammers ring,
Ring,— ring.

On the anvil ring,
Hammers swing —
Strike one, strike two,
Till the iron's blue
And the sparks are few,
For we strike for the new,
For the new,
For the new,—
And the hammers ring,
Ring,— ring.

XI

GIVE US THE BOWL

Good and pleasure,
Evil and pain
Fill up the measure,
Give us to drain.

Fill it up heaping
Never the half;
The twain are in keeping,
Give us to quaff.

This is the mingling
Maketh life whole,
Maketh it tingling,
Give us the bowl.

Down with it quickly
Fire and ice,
Down with it, sickly
Whiner at vice.

Drink it gallant,
Cowards must drink,
Folly and talent
No one may shrink.

One is the other,
Both are the same ;
Drink it, my brother,
Drink it in flame.

This is the mingling
Maketh life whole,
Maketh it tingling,
Give us the bowl.

XII

ARION

Clad in his robes of purple fringed with gold,
Upon the lofty prow Arion stood
Full in the sunlight; then with touch both bold
And sweet he struck his lyre o'er the flood.
The blended beauty of the sea and sky
At once seemed filled with spirit forms, that came
Right gently stealing in a harmony
From their abodes, the sailors' hearts to tame.
Not Periander's court, nor Sicily,
Had heard such ravishing delights till now
Arion, with surpassing minstrelsy,
Drew forth transfigured on the carven prow —
But what can break the links of lucre's chain:
The sailors scowled, the bard plunged in the main.

XIII

IN CHEYENNE CAÑON

She rests upon a mount,
    She looks upon a plain,
She hears the waters count
    Man's hours of joy and pain.

The cones are heaped high
    Upon the simple grave
That steadfast views the sky,
    The sky, its architrave.

In outline far below
    The silent village lies ;
And viewless human woe
    Or frenzied human eyes.

The winds sleep in the firs,
Or howl about the peaks ;
But she, she never stirs,
Whatever be their freaks.

And she hath chosen well
This lofty resting place
So far from steeple bell,
So near to nature's race.

XIV

Freckled are her cheeks,
Her heart is pure as snow,—
Freckled are her cheeks
Through which the roses blow,
Roses blow of chastest pink and white,
Through the freckles like a blessing thro' a blight.

Budded lips of — shall
I publish their delight?
Budded lips of — well
They softly cling and bite,
Cling and bite in such a fervent way,
Flavored like the fragrance of the springtime spray.

Glossy brown her hair,
Her hands are tapering,
Glossy brown her hair
Where light is capering,
Light is capering and bringing out the red,
Shading into auburn ere the light hath fled.

Eyes of fairy blue
But traitors to themselves,
Eyes of fairy blue
But turning into elves,
Turning into elves of subtle roguish gray,
Peering in your heart and laughing at your nay.

Guard, O guard them well,
My brothers, heart and brain,
Guard, O guard them well,
Most vestal, free from stain,—
Free from stain a nation will endure
Potent and majestic, be its women pure.

XV

LIVINGSTONE

On dusky shoulders
Ported through hot Afric's swamps,
Where the slaver's victim molders
And the ugly Soko romps,
Behold the man —
Within his stretcher lying,
Body torn,
Thin and worn,
But hopefully defying
Death !

With feeble fingers
Grasping still his honest pen,

With a trust that never lingers
Writes he midst the murky fen,
Of what he sees
And thinks and feels there lying,
Body torn,
Thin and worn,
But hopefully defying
Death !

Tho' the miles before him
Are a thousand dangerous,
Tho' the sun, a furnace o'er him,
Burns his flesh all feverous,
He presses on
Within his stretcher lying,
Body torn,
Thin and worn,
But hopefully defying
Death !

No white man near him
As he breathes his last brave word,
No loved voice to kindly cheer him,
By immortal courage stirred,
Unflinchingly
He meets his fate there lying,
Body torn,
Thin and worn,
But hopefully defying
Death !

The world's a debtor
For his life of fortitude,
For a million lives made better
By his struggle with the brood
Of Afric's ills,
Within his stretcher lying,
Body torn,
Thin and worn,

But hopefully defying
Death !

And in future ditties,
When a people great as ours
Fill that land with pleasant cities,
Patriot bards will scatter flowers
On Livingstone,
Within his stretcher lying,
Body torn,
Thin and worn,
But hopefully defying
Death !

XVI

THE KING OF NAPLES

Huzza !

Murat, intrepid, splendid Murat !

Plaudits for the child of war—

Huzza ! Huzza !

Brilliant Murat !

The cannon a moment are mute,

And ceases a moment the bruit,

The clamor of battle ;

The steeds are pawing,

The sabres are drawing,

The breast plates rattle,

The bugle note rings in his ear.

It thrills to his heart,

As fiercely, proudly they start,

For France, for Bonaparte ;
Their joy bringing tears
At the word of command,— Charge ! Cuirassiers.

Ah, grandly they sweep on the foe,
A torrent of death and of woe
To the Austrians in line.
The battle smoke shifted
Their standards are lifted,
The bayonets shine.
Make way for the lion, Murat !
Magnificent, plumed,
His charger caparisoned, groomed,
He leaps with the van on the doomed.
The enemy waver — they break, and the star
Of Napoleon is lustred by deeds of Murat.
Plaudits for the child of war,
Magnificent, victorious Murat.

XVII

SWEETHEART

Here's to your hands, sweetheart,
So long and white and slender ;
Here's to your eyes, sweetheart,
So large and deep and tender.

Here's to the heart, sweetheart,
Your slender hands have thrilled with ;
Here's to the soul, sweetheart,
Your tender eyes have filled with.

Here's to the love, sweetheart,
Your heart and hands created ;
Here's to the love, sweetheart,
Your soul and eyes related.

Here's to the hour, sweetheart,
Our souls and eyes were plighted ;
Here's to the day, sweetheart,
Our hearts and hands united.

XVIII

AN ASPECT OF AUTUMN

Yellow are the alder leaves,
Yellow are the wild cherry leaves,
Yellow are the broad-leaved ferns,
Yellow is the lakeside sedge,
Yellow with age, about to die.

Yellow and red are the maple leaves,
Scarlet and golden and red.

But the cedars are green,
And the hemlocks, the firs,
The spruces are green,—
Their trunks are green with moss.

The berries hang red on the Madrone trees,
And from the bows the twittering,

The melancholy twittering
Of some belated bird, yet lingering,
Loath to leave, uncertain, ill at ease.

The skies are the color of ashes and steel,
But here and there tinted with coral,
Here and there flushed with purple.

Before me lies the long and misty lake,—
I hear the dull throbbing of some distant steamer
Painfully as it were my own heart.
I peer into the hazy distance
Out of which arise the imperturbable mountains,—
The calm waters of the lake reflect the heavens,
Reflect the trees and the mountains,

Go not, go not, sweet summer days,
Die not, O Nature, that lived so well,
Or if ye will, let me also die.

Too intense are my emotions,
Unto the grave I go suffering,
Life is my punishment.

I may not sit at the banquet of life
With the feasters, the joyous and gay;
But, O Death, my lover, my king,
Of thee they cannot deprive me.
The day or the night will come
When I shall hold thee in my arms,
My own, and none shall forbid me.

Like a pure spring to the shipwrecked one,
Many days, many hot and scorching days
Without water;
Like the edict that calls the exile home,
Like the triumph of liberty that strikes the fetters
From the galléd limbs of the patriot,
Thus art thou to me, O my friend, my lord.

How still is the hour, the trees, the lake,
How still are the perennial mountains,
How still are the dying leaves, the dying ferns,
How still is Death, Death the unguent of lacerated
souls.

XIX

IN PORT

Snug in the harbor lying,
Anchors cast
And cables fast,
Day to night a-dying ;
All my thoughts to thee are flying,
Marguerite,
Maiden sweet,
From forth the fleet
Shoreward sighing.

O'er the sea aligning,
Comes the mist
By billows kist,
Round me twined and twining ;

How its lips are cold and brining,
Marguerite,—
Thine are sweet,
Musk and meet
To put me pining.

The masthead lights are gleaming,
And to lee
I dimly see
Cottage lamps a-beaming ;
Haply thou art there a-dreaming,
Marguerite,
Of the fleet,
And one discreet
Thy love esteeming.

Tonight my watch I'm heeding,
But at morn
The fleet I'll scorn,
Swiftly landward speeding ;

All my soul to thee conceding,
Marguerite —
Lips shall meet
And hearts shall beat
With love proceeding.

XX

What to me is your name,
Your position, your fame,
Your honor, your *pelf*—
I care for nothing but yourself.

Come not to me in the guise
Of office, of profitable ties;
You insult me as far as you can
If you come not merely the man.

XXI

I lay upon my love's soft breast
One night, one night;
My lips by her dear lips carest,
Delight, delight.

The grass lies on my love's soft breast,
To-night, to-night;
By death are her dear lips carest,
'Tis trite, 'tis trite.

XXII

FREEDOM

Freedom is not circumstance
Nor dwelleth she in chance
Or palaces of stone;
Not in our own

But in the liberties of others,
She reigneth not on the throne
Of self but in the hearts of our brothers.

Slavery is in the sense,
Freedom is obedience
To a higher law
Than that we saw
And worshiped days before.
'Tis when we find the crystal's flaw
And seek a purer 'long life's shore.

Slavery is in the appetite,
That shuts our eyes to the light
Of self-control,
But in the soul
Of him who scorns the vassalage of the vicious,
Freedom's drumbeats roll,
And each pulsation is delicious.

Not in the State's decree
Is found this precious liberty,
    Not in detail
    Of fortune or the frail
Tenure of him who seeks the crowd's hosannahs.
    For all these things may fail,
They are not truths, they are but manners.

Would you have a people free,
Perfect your own individuality; —
    Construct the will,
    That steady, calm and still
Presses on to your own consummation.
    So shall you draw your fellows on and fill
With freedom to the borders of the nation.

Would you all a land enslave,
Send every man a coward to the grave,
    Give them a lust;

Then their chivalry shall rust
Faster than the chains they cringing bear,
And their minds shall crumble into dust
Faster than they hope, in their wild despair.

XXIII

Trickle, trickle, little stream,
In the sunlight flash and gleam ;
Wear into the granite stone
Till your might the bowlder own.

Sparkle, sparkle, little eyes,
To his questions flash replies ;
Love him day and love him night,
You shall stay his fancy's flight.

XXIV

They say that I love you —
They surely are wrong,
For lust is not love,
Nor stuttering, song.

They say that I hate you —
How can it be so,
For scorn is not hate,
As ebb is not flow.

XXV

EN AVANT (HUSSARS)

Out of the shadow
Into the light,
Out of the calm
Into the fight ;
Give me the surge of the battle
The sulphurous smoke,
Give me the musketry's rattle
The bayonet stroke.

Forth from the forest
Into the plain,
Crimson with blood,
Blood of the slain ;

Give me to see but the flashing
Of cannon and shell,
Give me to hear but the crashing,
The battery's knell.

Out of indifference
Into our fate,
Bitter is death
Idly we wait;
Better to fall 'neath the waving
Of banners advanced,
Better to spend the heart's craving
Where cavalry pranced.

Out of the silence
Into the song,
Out of the heart
Loving so long;
Burst are the fetters,

Sweet to be free,
Sweet even bondage
Freedom for thee ;
Better to dare and to perish
Made conscious thro' pain,
Better than callous to cherish
Each moment in vain.

XXVI

DAYBREAK

To me, not in the day,
Nor even in the night,
But ever, just midway
Between the dark and light :

Between the night and morn
When steeples fade to gray,
When the day comes to be born
And mists are creeping away :

A soft air stirs in my room
And cools my nuded breast,
While the day is yet in the womb,
And my heart is still at rest,—

Low murmuring doth say :
"I am an infant wind,
And twin of the infant day
That follows near behind.

"Embassador am I
And herald of the dawn ;
I fill the changing sky,
I thrill the dewy lawn :

"And waken such as thee
To feel my mild caress,
To view this plain mystery,—
A morning's holiness:

"To know the miracle of time,
The miracle of space,
The wondrous pantomime
When day comes on apace."

XXVII

ARIZONA

Who hath trod the heated sands
Of Arizona,
And scorched by her sun
Continued uncomplaining?

Who hath been in the Gila valley,
In the barren mountains,
By the dried-up streams,
And loved her infertility ;
Or drunk the dry air of her wide plains
As wine ?
Who hath seen the fitness there
Of all things—
The reptile, the rock,
The coyote and the Apache ?
Who hath considered her resonant cañons,
Her gigantic cacti,
And their wondrous blossoms,
Her rubies, her gold,
And her copper, colored like her sunshine ;
Who hath comprehended her uniqueness,
And felt for her a fervent passion
Such as her burning wastes
Are worthy of?

Who hath reflected on her mysteries,
Her buried cities,
Her wonderful petrifactions,
Her boiling springs,
Her crawling creatures,
Her flying creatures?
Who hath witnessed her inordinate thirst,
Who hath seen her blossom and bear
Like the tropics
When her thirst hath been quenched?
Behold, she is of the South and West,
Her aspect fierce and wild,
Strange, uninterpreted,
Sometimes sad,
Never frivolous,
Gentle, stern and free.

XXVIII

MOUNT RAINIER

Something untrodden in the routine dust
Of unconcerned humanity, something
Unclaimed, some spot yet sacred, undefiled,
Above, beyond the daily round of form,
Still native, free and pure — such seekest thou,
O idle dreamer? Yonder turn thy gaze
To that intrepid peak that fills the sky;
To human eyes still changeful, whether in
The hueless lights of cold and sunless dawn,
Or in the warmer tints of brilliant sunsets;
Yet endlessly the same, uplifted and
Unmoved, most strong, unmindful of the storms
Of human destiny.

Fact visible of God invisible,
And mile-post of His ways, perpetual
And snowy tabernacle of the land,
While purples at thy base this peaceful sea,
And thy hither slopes are bathed in evening's sunlight,
Methinks I hear soft voices calling from
Thy summits, calling men to prayer and love ;
For nothing now is worshipful and reverence
Unknown, unless idolatry is such.
Aye, scoffing fills the mouths of men until
They sicken, contemptuous of their own contempt.
But thee they may not ever mock nor scorn,
Thou saintly eremite, white-haired and old.
Still bondsman to a dull reality,
Lonely as thou, perchance as desolate,
Moving among my fellow-men unfelt
And foreign to their customed purposes,
Thou risest on my sight like the fulfillment
Of a forgotten hope ; and trembling 'neath

The inspiration of thy loveliness,
O'erwhelmed by thy unstained sublimity,
Mine eyes grow dim, and in an ecstacy
Of confidence I tread my leprous path.
For the art I serve is like to leprosy,
Compelling me till death to walk alone.
O, ever, while this lapsing brain shall hold
The attribute of memory, how far
Soever I may journey from thy summit,
E'en in the level prairie I will raise
Thee up, and feel thee towering there above me.
Yea, when all else forgotten is, when life
Just lingers ere its flight, thou shalt appear
In wondrous glory to my mental vision,
And vivid then a god shall tread thy dome.

XXIX

Love's primal moments are his best,
While yet a new and modest guest ;
The first fleeting touch of finger tips,
The first soft pressure of the lips.

Too oft, amidst his full possession,
Begins a rapid retrogression :
O be forever but a promised bride,
That this sweetest rapture may abide.

XXX

DESOLATION

My heart's a desert, motionless and lone,
Save when a blast of scorching, parching wind,
Of mercy's moisture to hot dryness thinned,
Tears through its sandy waste with wail and moan,
And shrieks in terror, mindful of its own
Fierce solitude ; as one whose ears are dinned
With silence begs by cries if *he* hath sinned,
And answerless redoubles, as his fears are grown,
His hissing shouts, lost in vacuity.—
And on my heart's most barren stretch appears
No quenchful spring, no easeful memory
Of fragrant mead, but bleachéd bone there leers
And burns the sight of recollection's eye,
While drowns the fire in mocking fruitless tears.

XXXI

GRAY-HAIRED BEAUTY

A mien that's moral but suffused with light
Of tenderness, expressive of a soul
That hath deep sweetened as folly her control
Hath forfeited to years more free from spite
And youthful jealousies; the starry night
Just fading out from eyes, that men extol
To-day beyond young Vesta's passioned roll;
The tinge of cheek just fluttering for its flight,
And locks luxuriant yet, in Grecian knot
Caught up; erect and supple frame and round,
Command of self and others richly gowned—
To love these beauties were idolatry;
But might her love sojourn in my sad grot,
The penalties of hell were grace to me.

XXXII

CONFRÈRES

Ever by my side,
Two confrères bide ;
On any strand
By any tide,
In every land
Or far or near—
They are my pride,
I hold them dear.
In outline clear,
One is the man
I might have been ;
More shadowy
Less plainly seen,
Tho' fair, the man
I yet may be.

I slink between
With faltering fear—
The world grows green,
The world grows sere,
Still arm in arm
We face the days.
I feel the charm
Of each ablaze
Within my veins,
But each disdains
My trembling voice,
My vicious choice;
And tho' with scorn
They break my sleep,
And chide me sore,
I can but weep
Each cheerless morn,
And love them more.

Sweet friends and shades —
While older one,
The other fades ;
His race is run
Equal with mine.
One shroud shall twine
About us both,
However loath
Our mystic trine
To sever so,
Revoke the oath
Of long ago.
Blesséd, serene,
To Paradise
The man shall rise,
I might have been.

XXXIII

My finger 'round she ringed a violet
Born where the Southern Cross is sparkling set;
The blossom a sapphiric gem,
The ring the interlacèd stem.

O dearer than the jewels of the sky,
More sweet than any flower earth may fly,
About thy loveliness I twine
This verse, forever, as a sign.

XXXIV

I have loved, I have lived,
I have failed, I have won,
I have dreamed, I have waked —
'Neath the moon and the sun
Bury me, bury me deep.

I have cursed, I have blessed,
I have thought, I have done,
I have sowed, I have reaped ;—
'Neath the moon and the sun
Bury me, bury me deep.

XXXV

MISANTHROPY

Desist, reviling Spirit! thy acclaim
Insinuates, sirenically toned,
But thou shalt not deter me, nor shalt shame
Me into silence: I shall live, be stoned
Or monumented, and thy upased barbs,
Sarcastic, shall no engine find in me
To thrust them through the happiness that garbs
Some sanguine hearts from torpid misery.
Tho' by Jehovah's inquisition racked,
Tho' His hand plunge me in a searing lye,
Tho' on the wheel of dire misfortune gouged and cracked,
Tho' my own mother scornfully may pass me by,
I still shall love my God, my life, my kind,
And die with courage in my look, tho' blind.

XXXVI

Curséd inebriate nation,
Lo ! where she wallows in gold ;
Drunk with the dollar's damnation,
Withered and sottishly old.

Crazed by the absinthe of riches,
Bleared and bewildered she goes ;
Shrieks, as she staggers and pitches,—
Money will solace my woes.

XXXVII

STILL

Still midst the prose a poem we weave,
Pallid with doubt yet dare to believe,
Stricken with frost the garden lies sere,
Flowers shall bloom again in a year :
Thus to my love I come from my hate,
Worn with the day, but strong for my fate.

Tempests will rage the heralds of calms,
Battle is elsewhere, peace in thy arms,
Braving the first, but seeking the last,
Fire is the future, ashes the past :
Let us not linger when we may speed,
Stanching our wounds tho' after we bleed.

Still with our tears a smile may we blend,
In discord prelude in harmony end,

Fill with our hope sails slack with despair,
Sailing o'er seas forbidden or rare :
Sweetheart 'tis love with genius untold
Touches the dross and turns it to gold.

XXXVIII

THUS

Some unworn thought,
    Some unused word,
Some tone untaught,
    Some rhyme unheard ;
Some nobler aim,
    Some further lore,
Shall add a name,
    A poet, more.

FINIS.

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